

Confirmation for More

by SilverAngel223

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HamtaroxBijou<br> Disclaimer: I do not own Hamtarox

A/N: This is a prequel for 'Confirmation for Beginning or End' (second one-shot/chapter of Etude in E Major). It is not necessary to read the original to understand this story, but it is recommended.

> But please enjoy.<p>

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><em>The hospitalâ€¦? I don't like itâ€¦ No, I hate it. <em>

\_I hate this place.\_

\_It's a place where doctors and nurses (with names you can't remember, no matter how hard you try) put on fake smiles to comfort youâ€¦ pretending they know.

> Pretending they know what they're talking about when they don't<br> They don't know the cureâ€¦ or even the sickness in the first place.

> Why don't they just admit it instead of pretending?<em>

\_Filling the hospital with hope and dreams when sooner or later, everything's going to come crashing down.\_

\_It's confirmation for an end.\_

\_I hate it.

> I hate the hospital.<em>

\*\*Summer 2007\*\*

It's been more than five years since I've been admitted, hospitalized, and discharged repetitively from the hospital. But it's been two full years since I was hospitalized on the sixth floor.

The sixth floor of the hospital buildingâ€|

The doctors' and nurses' definition of the floor: A place where patients with unknown sicknesses are rested and treated while research is still being done.

The sixth floor patients' definition of the floor: An isolation area until their time is up since their illnesses are unknown and incurable. They aren't allowed home or outside.

I was staring out my small hospital window in my room; that was at the end of the hallway, (right next to Dr. Maxwell's office). I sighed and smiled as I thought how much I want to go outside and do normal things I did before I was ever admitted into the hospital.

I slowly closed my eyes, Iâ€| I want to go shopping, shopping for new accessories for my hair I haven't preened in years. I wanted to go out and eat lunch at a local restaurant, try out new foods that were still foreign to me. I want to visit the park and have ice cream with my friends that are now strangers. I want to go on a boat ride down the nearby river, where I have never been but always noticed. I want to watch the beautiful sunset from the bridge I always had to watch from a tiny window of hospitality.

I was lost in my own world of thoughts when my ears suddenly perked up, picking up a noise. I heard a creak of the door. I turned my head to find a man with orange and white hair standing behind the door.

I quickly observed him; he had on a white long coat, so he must be a doctor. Not from this floor apparently, looking at the reaction on his face. He seemed like a friendly person, a person who always thinks of others, a person who's never faced any hardships... Overall, he looked like a happy-go-lucky kind of guy; a person I was before I was couple of years ago.

He sheepishly looked away and muttered "Sorryâ€|" quietly, almost like a whisper before he left. What a weird person.

I looked out the window again; I was felt so envious of the people who were outside, free to go where ever they please. They were just so lucky that they weren't locked up in a building.

When I usually look out the window, I don't have a target. I thought it was useless to observe something, when it's going to change. I felt as if I had nothing to look forward to because there was only one end, in an endless maze of continuity.

Just when will my meaning be more than just sitting here and waiting for death? The death that's teasing us, cheating our life away,

breath by breathâ€| just when will there be more?

"Does the hospital confirm more than my end?"

\*\*Summer 2004\*\*

It was a hot summer day. The sun blinded me with its merciless rays as I walked down the empty streets. I was still in my red and black school uniform and my brown school bag was still at hand. It was unusual for a student to be wearing her uniform during the non-school time but, I had summer school.

The cicadas were chirping loudly. The air was humid and the sun continued shining. I tried blocking the heat with my hand, but it was no use. It was still hot.

I had to go to summer school because I missed quite a few lessons. That's because I was out from school for more than half a year the last time I was hospitalized. I'm usually a well-educated person, but ever since my first hospitalization three years ago, it's been hard to keep up.

Missing school means missing lessons of education.

I was passing a local ice cream store when I saw several kids buying ice cream cones. I noticed a little boy at the end of the group not buying ice cream. I sighed and entered the store and pulled out several bills from my wallet and counted them.

"Please give all these kids here a small ice cream cone please." I said, setting down some bills on the counter. "And please, keep the change."

The smiling clerk didn't say anything but nod. I smiled back and then left the store. It felt good doing something nice for the local people, especially after receiving a genuine smile in return; the tingling warm welcoming feeling that enters your heart.

I looked up at the blue cloudless sky. I smiled as the warm breeze played with my thin locks; the blue ribbons in my hair gently flowed along with the wind. I felt the wind pass my uniform, it felt cool and wonderful. The sun showered bright light at me; even with the hot rays, I couldn't help a smile as I stared at yellow globe.

Right about then, standing like an idiot in the middle of the sidewalk, I felt as if the whole world was free from problemsâ€| free from sicknessesâ€| free from future questionsâ€| Everything, I felt as if I knew everythingâ€|

Of course in reality, that's not true, but it doesn't hurt to think like that; that's it's always a beginningâ€| positively and happilyâ€|

BRING BRING; my thoughts were interrupted by my cell.

I brought out my phone from my school bag and looked at the front screen. It was my Dad. "Hello?" I answered.

"Bijou, come to the hospital immediately." A hesitant, yet calm voice rang into my ear.

"Dad, what's wrong?" I asked, worriedly.

In a low tone, my father replied, "Your mother collapsed, just get here as soon as possible." Then he hung up.

I brought the phone from my ear and looked at the phone screen. It showed END CALL in white blinking letter. I started trembling and gripped my phone hard, as if it were to break. I needed to get the hospitalâ€|. The phone I had at hand slipped from my grasp and dropped onto the ground but I didn't take the time to reach for it, all I did was start running as quick as possible in the opposite direction (to the hospital).

I felt tears gushing out of my eyes, and I could tell my bangs were in disordered places, but I only had one thing in my mind. And I couldn't let anything else distract it.

I finally reached the hospital and ran up to the front center. "Ribon!" I yelled, at the nurse. "Maria Ribon! Please tell where she is right now!" I choked, tears running down my eyes. The startled nurse nodded and started typing into the computer next to her.

"She's on the fourth floor, room B45." The nurse replied.

"Thank youâ€|" I said before running off to the nearest elevator. I entered and pressed the button quickly, letting no one else get on. I was in a hurry. I exited when the doors opened and looked for the room I was in.

Finally, I reached the door of room B45. I was about to barge in, but I decided to wipe the tears and organize myself before I went in. I didn't want my father to think of me as a disoriented daughter. I cleared my vision, and reminded myself that I was not to cry when I entered. I knew that it broke both my parents when I'm in trouble. That was the last thing I wanted to do.

I turned the knob and opened the door, to find my mother, lying in bed with an air mask over her face, unconscious, and my father sitting at the end of the corner of the room. He didn't seem to notice I was here so I called for him.

"Dadâ€|" I said, almost in a whisper.

He looked up at me and said, "You're here." He stood up. "Your mother, Mariaâ€| sheâ€| the doctors don't know what caused her sudden fall. They're working on it now." My father explained. He sat back down and leaned at the back of his chair. "You and now herâ€|" He whispered.

I felt so bad for him then, I realized that my mom and I might have to experience the pain, but my father had to watch us in pain, not knowing what to do to help. That pain seemed to be greater than anything else. It was like an unending cycle for him, experiencing the same sadness, from me and my mom, repetitively.

I kneeled next to my mom and held her hand next to my face. Her cold fingers, but her warm aura was the sameâ€| Warm tears slowly started to stream down my face; I didn't yell, I didn't cry, I didn't even

sob. All I did was watch my unconscious mother sleep while I cried the tears of silence.

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It was the next day and I was walking down the corridors of the hospital. I walked up to a nurse and asked her where Dr. Maxwell's office was.

In the end, my mother was going to be fine, and after several days, she was going to be discharged. I felt relieved, but I was still worried. What if this happened again? So I decided to consult with a doctor who knew about this kind of matter.

The nurse I asked instructed me to go the sixth floor and his office should be at the end. But she told me another thing; she told me that I shouldn't talk to anyone else other than him.

I kind of ignored her comment on that. Who else would I meet up there? I walked up to the elevator and rode it up to the sixth floor. When the door opened, I felt a sudden chill down my spine. I looked around; it had an eerie feeling but a nice environment.

I walked to the last room at the end of the hall and looked in the office, no one was inside.

"He's not in right now." A female voice suddenly said.

I turned my head to find a girl my age in pajamas standing behind me. I realized that she was a patient on the sixth floor by her apparel. "Excuse me?" I asked. What was she talking about? Dr. Maxwell wasn't here? But I need to talk to him.

"He should be here in half an hour. Why don't you wait in my room?" She said, as she pulled me to the room in front of the office. She led me into her resting room; it had a bed, table, and even a drawer. The girl pulled me a chair beside her bed and she sat on the bed.

I looked at the girl befuddled. I looked at the smiling girl, who seemed to enjoy my company. She tossed her amazing long blonde hair behind her shoulders and stared at me with her bright green eyes. "Hey, what's your name?" She asked me curiously. "I'm Pashmina, by the way." She said, pointing to herself.

"Uhâ€| I'm Bijou." I answered.

"Nice to meet you Bijou; say why do you want to meet the doctor?" She asked me with her eyes.

"I need to ask him something." I replied.

"I see." She said, looking up at the ceiling. Then she looked back at me and observed the uniform I was wearing. "You're going to summer school?"

I nodded. "Yeah"

She didn't say anything for awhile, all she did was stare at my black and red uniform and observed it from the collar to the skirt. "Hey, what does it feel like to wear a school uniform?"

I was startled by the question. It was a weird one, to say at least. Who hasn't worn a school uniform before? "It's just clothes. It just makes all the students have a neater appearance."

"I see." She said. "Well, it's really pretty! I wish I could wear one." She said.

I was about to ask her age, seeing that she never wore one before, but there was a sudden interruption. Dr. Maxwell had entered the room.

"I heard that I had a visitor so I came up." He explained. "You must be the visitor" He said, staring at me. I nodded. "Well, follow me to my office please." Then he left and I stood up. I was just about to leave when,

"Come visit me tomorrow, kay?" Pashmina yelled, in her bright, but mature voice.

I stared at her in a weird way. I've only been with her for about fifteen minutes. But I couldn't help it, her pleading eyes and bright smile just lured me in. "If I have a reason to come back up here." I said with an unenthusiastic voice. Then I left the room.

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I asked Maxwell a lot of questions, and I still had more to ask after thirty minutes. My endless questions and worries left him to appoint another 'session' for questions. He appointed me to come see him and that day was today.

I rode the elevator to the sixth floor. As I exited, I felt a sudden chill run down my spine again. I quickly walked to the end of the hallway and knocked on Dr. Maxwell's office. There was no reply.

"He's not in is he?" A strikingly familiar voice called out. I slightly jumped at the sudden remark; I didn't notice someone was behind me. I turned around to find a smiling Pashmina standing right behind me. "Why don't you wait in my room?"

She pulled me into her room and set me down on a chair next to the bed. She offered me tea, but I declined. She sat down and stared at my school uniform I had on just like yesterday. She must've really liked it.

"Hey" She suddenly said. "What's high school like?" She asked.

Pashmina started a conversation just like last time. Only she had more questions she wanted answered. I never knew simple things such as school and stores were unknown to some people in the local area.

After quite some time, Dr. Maxwell entered the room to tell me that I could come in his office now. I nodded and exited the room while Pashmina called me, "Good-bye!"

Right before I knew it, soon, this became a regular routine for me. I'd visit Dr. Maxwell, if he was unavailable, I'd wait in Pashmina's room, while I did Pashmina would ask me questions of normal matters, and later Dr. Maxwell would find and take me away.

It was kind of an irregular routine, but I slowly started to enjoy it as time went by. Pashmina was a wonderful, talented person; and Dr. Maxwell was a great doctor who would try to help me understand the world of medicine as best as he could.

One day, I was waiting for Dr. Maxwell in Pashmina's room like usual. Pashmina was looking through my Algebra II textbook since she asked. After several minutes, she closed the text book and stared at me.

"I have no idea what all this says." She said laughing.

We started talking about the most random things possible, after laughing, thinking, and debating; we settled down and watched the sunset fall, looking out the hospital window.

"Hey" She suddenly said. I looked at her. "I'm just wondering, but what's the reason why you keep seeing Dr. Maxwell?" She said in a low tone.

I relaxed my shoulders and smiled. "My motherâ€¦ she's in the hospital right now, the doctors won't explain properly what's wrong so I asked Dr. Maxwell instead."

"Does he answer everything?"

"The ones he can, he does." I explained. "Why did you ask?"

Pashmina smirked, "It's just that, Dr. Maxwellâ€¦ I don't really like him very well. And I wondered if it was just me or him, but I guess it's my problem." Pashmina walked up to the window and opened it; a fresh crisp breeze entered the room and let her long blonde hair fly along with it. "I was also wondering if doctors really do know \_everything\_."

Then she stared at me with an odd expression, lips curled up into a smirk, but her eyes were saddened and covered with fear. Her hair was blowing and her skin was shining.

I've never seen Pashmina soâ€¦ beautiful.

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I kept thinking of Pashmina's words that day. I always thought of her as a happy, smiling type of person, but I realized that behind all that, she was actually pretty deep and sensitive. She seemed to think of her life in the hospital really sickening and boring, since she was interested the outside world so much.

I entered her room the very next day. It was late and the sun was setting, but I went in anyways.

"Pashmina" I called out.

"Oh!" She turned around, with her usual smile. "I didn't think you'd visit today, it's pretty late."

I sat next to her bed and observed Pashmina. She was back to her usual bubbly self, smiling and laughing like a little child. But yesterday, she was so mature. The more I think about it, it's kind of scary. Questions formed in my mind, but there were two things I wanted to ask her really badly.

"Do you want to ask me something? You look like it you do." Pashmina said. I smiled, she beat me to it.

"Actually I do." I said slowly. I started breathing gently so I wouldn't rush into the questions. I finally got a grip of myself and gave direct eye-contact with my green eyes.

"Pashmina?"

"Yes?"

"What is your sickness?" I asked carefully.

Pashmina's smile disappeared as she looked away. She didn't speak for awhile, but she finally turned around and looked at me with an apologetic look. "I'm sorry Bijou, but I can't answer that."

"Why?" I slightly yelled. That wasn't what I wanted to hear, I expected her to tell me everything she knew.

"It's a secret amongst doctors and patients on the sixth floor. I don't want you to know."

"â€œ" I didn't say anything.

"You'll get hurt, andâ€œ" Pashmina held my hand and smiled. "I don't want to see you in pain."

I looked down at our holding hands. I nodded in an understanding way. I guess, there are things others may not know but I do, and there are things others know but I don't. I drew to this conclusion; humans aren't meant to know everything.

I smiled and looked up at Pashmina. "Then answer me this." I said, slightly forcefully.

"I'll try." Pashmina said, tilting her head slightly.

"If you had five wishes, any five wishes, what would they be?" I asked, out of the blue.

"Wow, those are a lot of wishes." Pashmina said, smiling. "Let's seeâ€œ" She placed her hand under her chin. "I can only think up of the two things I wanted for the longest time."

"Yeah?"

Pashmina nodded, "First is to wear a high school uniform just like yours" she pointed at mine. "And secondâ€|" She sighed and looked at me with a sad expression. "Is to see my younger sister, Penelope"

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DING DONG

I pressed the doorbell and I could tell that the sound rang throughout the house. After several minutes, someone came out of the house, looking slightly annoyed. "Yes?" She said.

The person who came out of the house had brown short hair, and her eyes were the color of soft pink. She had on a white shirt and yellow skirt. It was Penelope.

"Umâ€| I'm looking for Penelope Mafura." I explained.

"That's me." She said, putting her hand on her hips.

"I'm here to talk to you aboutâ€| Pashmina Mafura." I continued.

After those words, Penelope's eyes grew wide and then started to frown, her pink eyes changed into a shade of red. "What do you want?"

I finally got her to invite me into her home. I sat next to the small dining table as Penelope handed me a cup of tea. She sat down across from me and frowned at me. I felt really uncomfortable.

"What about my sister?" Penlope groaned.

"I was wondering ifâ€|" I slightly hesitated, but knew I had to go straight to the point. "If you'd be willing to go visit Pashmina?"

"No" Was her direct answer. She didn't say anything else, not even the reason.

"Please? She really misses you andâ€|" I started begging.

"I said no!" She started yelling. "I will not go see Pashmina!"

"Why?" I slightly yelled.

"It will only hurt her and me even more!" Penelope looked away and tears started to flow down her face. "If I see her, she'll be in more pain each time I don't visit her!"

My anger slowly started to boil up at the brown-haired teen. What is she talking about?

\_ "You seeâ€|" \_\_Pashmina\_\_ explained. "I'm supposed to be in my last year of high school and Penelope was supposed to be in her first\_\_

yearâ€|. .

\_ "We promised each other to wear\_\_ the same\_\_ school uniforms and go to school with each other every morning.\_

\_ "But nowâ€| I 'm stuck in this hospital and I can't even see herâ€|" Pashmina\_\_ continued.\_

\_ She looked straight at me with sad eyes. \_\_ "I miss herâ€| I miss Penelope." \_

I remembered what Pashmina said about her little sister. She was so tender and thoughtful of her and hereâ€| Penelope, this brat, was only thinking of herself.

"If you visit Pashmina, she may be in pain each time you don't visit! Butâ€|" More voice slowly started to crack as each word escaped my lips. "Won't she be in more pain if you don't visit her at all?"

Penelope's eyes started to widen. Then she quickly looked away. "You just don't get it do you?

"It's not just Pashmina who's going to be in pain, I'm also going to be in pain when she leavesâ€|" Penelope explained slowly. "The person who's going to die may be in pain during that time, but when that person goes, his or her pain might go, but the pain for the rest of us is still going be within as we keep livingâ€|"

As Penelope continued talking, I slowly started to lost track of what she was saying. I didn't understand. "What are you talking about?"

Penelope suddenly realized something and a smirk slowly started to run across her lips, just like Pashmina's. "She didn't tell you yet, did she?" She slowly said. Penelope looked at the startled me and narrowed her eyes. "The patients on the sixth floor, their duty is to wait until their time us up as death slowly cheats their life away. No doctor has found the cure or the reason behind the sickness in the first place."

"What?" I asked, involuntarily.

"In other wordsâ€|" Penelope continued. "Pashmina's going to die."

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"Knock knock!" I said, entering Pashmina's room.

Pashmina looked away from the window's view and smiled at me. "Bijou! It's great to see you!"

"Look what I have!" I said, handing Pashmina a large shopping bag. "It's a present!"

"Thank you!" Pashmina slowly took out the item that was in the bag. She unfolded the tissue paper, it was a high school uniform.

"Bijouâ€| I-Iâ€| wowâ€|" Pashmina was breathless. She pulled the black and red uniform out and hugged it tightly. "I'm going to try this on!"

I smiled at the excited Pashmina. It was like watching a five year old receive Christmas presents and Birthday present on a regular day. After several minutes, Pashmina came out of the hiding and showed me the uniform she was wearing.

"How does it look?" She asked excitedly.

"It looks great!" I squealed. "Now we match!" I said, pointing at my own uniform.

"It feels like we actually are school friends or something!"

"Well, school friends always make memories together!" I said, pulling out a digital camera from my school bag. "C'mon!"

We started snapping picture of each. We were laughing and having fun as we posed and made silly faces at the digital camera. After hours of fun, we finally decided to take one more picture in our uniforms before headed home.

SNAP!

"That turned out great!" Pashmina commented, looking at the screen of the camera.

"It really did! I'll get these developed and give them to you tomorrow."

"Sure! That'll be great!"

While looking at the smiling Pashmina, I couldn't help feel bad for her. Penelope didn't want to visit her, her life was about to end, and she was cooped up here on the sixth floor. I guess the best thing I could do was keep her smile shine beautifully.

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I was carrying the developed photos in my hand. I couldn't wait to show them to Pashmina. Excitement swelled up in my body. I entered into Pashmina's room and smiled. "Pashmina, I have the pictures!" I yelled with glee.

"Ohâ€| hi Bijou" Pashmina barely muttered out.

I looked at the sweating Pashmina, she was tightly holding onto her chest and she squealed with pain. "Pashmina, what's wrong? I'll go get the doctor!" I quickly ran out of the room to fetch the doctor, dropping the pictures that scattered once it hit the ground.

Pashmina was carried out of the room as she was in pain. I ran next to nurses who pushed Pashmina's bed. I was holding onto her other warm hand while she gripped the rail with the other. She looked at my

worried face and smiled while panting. "I'm going to be fine Bijou. Please don't worry about me."

I looked at Pashmina and forced a smile. I nodded.

"Thank you!" She said with a hoarse voice.

I was with her until she entered the emergency room. I felt her warm hands let go as she went in. Her smile never left her face and her beautiful emerald eyes continued sparkling, butâ€¡

That was the last time she did soâ€¡

Pashmina Mafura had passed away.

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"I'm sorry Missus and Mister Ribon, but Bijou will be hospitalized again because of her condition."

I was listening to my parents and doctor's conversation. Right after Pashmina's death, my body started to become weak, probably because of shock. I couldn't handle it and collapsed one day while walking home from school.

The doctor and my parents seemed to have finished their conversation. I had a question to ask of the doctor; the question that's been bugging me for awhile.

"Doctor, which floor will I be on?" I asked, like it was nothing. I had a feeling I knew which floor I was going to be in, but it doesn't hurt to ask.

The doctor smiled sympathetically and nodded. "The sixth, the sixth floor"

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I heard a knock on the door. "Come in." I said. Hearing footsteps, I looked up and my eyes grew wide with unexpectedness. The most unexpected person was in front of me. She was carrying a pot of white violets. "Penelopeâ€¡" I said in a soft voice.

Penelope pushed her brown hair aside and stared at me with calming pink eyes. "I'm sorry, I was rude before." She said. She handed me the flowers and smiled. "These were one of Pashmina's favorite flowers."

"Thank you" I said, feeling the soft flower petals.

"In flower language they meanâ€¡

"\_L\_\_et's take a chance on happiness\_"

\*\*Summer 2007 \*\*

Each time I open my box of memories, pain hits me in my heart. White violetsâ€| they became one of my least favorite flowersâ€| I didn't think that I'd ever have a chance for happiness. What more is there? I still set my mind on 'confirmation for end' instead of anything else.

While I was thinking, I felt a pair of eyes staring at me. I had a feeling that it was the same doctor that I met awhile ago.

"You should just enter if you have something to say." I said, in a clear loud voice.

The doctor entered my room, very embarrassed. He smiled, "Ah, sorry about earlier and now as wellâ€|" He apologized.

What a weird person, looking at someone else's room. Was there something weird about me? I didn't reply, I actually expected him to just leave like he did before.

"Umâ€| I'm Dr. Hamtaro. It's a pleasure to meet you." He said.

I didn't reply again, he slowly started to annoy and get on my last nerves. Why didn't he just leave me alone and forget what happened?

We didn't say anything to each other. Well, there was nothing else to say. But, when I observed him before, he seemed like a really friendly person. He slightly reminded me of Pashmina.

When I realized that he was about to leave the room, I felt like I was losing something important to me again. I never wanted to experience the same pain as I did before. So, I said the first thing I could think of.

"Areâ€| are you going to come back tomorrow?" I stuttered. Greatâ€| What a smart person I am, he probably thinks I'm an airhead now.

But the reply was something I didn't expect. He smiled a cheesy smile and replied, "If I can find an excuse to come back up here." Then he left the room and closed the door.

I realized right then and there that this hospital was going to confirm more than just my death. With the doctor I just met, there was definitely going to be more than just death. Butâ€|

Will that man be willing to pay the price of experiencing pain, just for my happiness?

Well, I guess that's his, Dr. Hamtaro's, own decision.

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>Thanks for reading 'Confirmation for More'! Hope you liked it!  
<p>Special thanks to <strong>Peach the Hedgehog</strong> for looking over the beginning! (again, you're great!)

Please review!

End  
file.